

Enter Brutus and Scioin.

*Brut.* All tongues speake of him, and the bleared fights  
Are spectacled to see him. Your prating Nurse  
Into a rapture lets her Baby crie,  
While she chats him: the Kitchen *Malkin* pinnes  
Her richest Lockram 'bout her recchie necke,  
Clambring the Walls to eye him:  
Stalls, Bulkes, Windows, are smother'd vp,  
Leades fill'd, and Ridges hors'd  
With variable Complexions; all agreeing  
In earnestnesse to see him: seld-showne Flamins  
Doe presse among the popular Throngs, and puffe  
To winne a vulgar station: our veyld Dames  
Commit the Warre of White and Damaske  
In their nicely gawded Cheekes, toth' wanton spoyle  
Of *Phobus* burning Kisses: such a poother,  
As if that whatsoever God, who leades him,  
Were flyly crept into his humane powers,  
And gaue him gracefull posture.

*Scioin.* On the suddaine, I warrant him Confull.

*Brutus.* Then our Office may, during his power, goe sleepe.

*Scioin.* He cannot temp'rately transport his Honors,  
From where he should begin, and end, but will  
Lose those he hath wonne.

*Brutus.* In that there's comfort.

*Scioin.* Doubt not,

The Commoners, for whom we stand, but they  
Vpon their ancient mallice, will forget  
With the least cause, these his new Honors,  
Which that he will giue them, make I as little question,  
As he is proud to doo't.

*Brutus.* I heard him sweare,  
Were he to stand for Confull, neuer would he  
Apparee i'th' Market place, nor on him put  
The Naples Vesture of Humilitie,  
Nor shewing (as the manner is) his Wounds  
Toth' People, begge their stinking Breathis.

*Scioin.* 'Tis right.

*Brutus.* It was his word:  
Oh he would misse it, rather then carry it,  
But by the suite of the Gentry to him,  
And the desire of the Nobles.

*Scioin.* I wish no better, then haue him hold that purpose,  
and to put it in execution.

*Brutus.* 'Tis most like he will.

*Scioin.* It shall be to him then, as our good wills; a  
sure destruction.

*Brutus.* So it must fall out

To him, or our Authorities, for an end.  
We must suggest the People, in what hatred  
He still hath held them: that to's power he would  
Haue made them Mules, silenc'd their Pleadings,  
And dispropertied their Freedomes; holding them,  
In humane Action, and Capacitie,  
Of no more Soule, nor fitnessse for the World,  
Then Cammels in their Warre, who haue their Prouand  
Onely for bearing Burthens, and sore blowes  
For sinking vnder them.

*Scioin.* This (as you say) suggested,  
At some time, when his soaring Insolence  
Shall teach the People, which time shall not want,  
If he be put vpon't, and that's as easie,  
As to set Dogges on Sheepe, will be his fire

To kindle their dry Stubble: and their Blaze  
Shall darken him for euer.

Enter a Messenger.

*Brutus.* What's the matter?

*Mess.* You are sent for to the Capitoll:

'Tis thought, that *Martius* shall be Confull:

I haue seene the dumbe men throng to see him,  
And the blind to heare him speak: Matrons fling Gloues,  
Ladies and Maids their Scarfes, and Handkerchers,  
Vpon him as he pass'd; the Nobles bended  
As to *Ioues* Statue, and the Commons made  
A Shower, and Thunder, with their Caps, and Showres:  
I neuer saw the like.

*Brutus.* Let's to the Capitoll,  
And carry with vs Eares and Eyes for th' time,  
But Hearts for the euent.

*Scioin.* Haue with you.

Enter two Officers, to lay Cushions, as it were,  
in the Capitoll.

1. Off. Come, come, they are almost here: how many  
stand for Consulships?

2. Off. Three, they say: but 'tis thought of euery one,  
*Coriolanus* will carry it.

1. Off. That's a braue fellow: but hee's vengeance  
prowd, and loues not the common people.

2. Off. Faith, there hath bene many great men that  
haue flatter'd the people, who ne're loued them; and there  
be many that they haue loued, they know not wherefore:  
so that if they loue they know not why, they hate vpon  
no better a ground. Therefore, for *Coriolanus* neyther to  
care whether they loue, or hate him, manifests the true  
knowledge he ha's in their disposition, and out of his Noble  
carelesnesse lets them plainly see't.

1. Off. If he did not care whether he had their loue, or  
no, hee waued indifferently, twist doing them neyther  
good, nor harme: but hee seekes their hate with greater  
deuotion, then they can render it him; and leaues nothing  
vndone, that may fully discouer him their opposite. Now  
to seeme to affect the mallice and displeasure of the People,  
is as bad, as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for  
their loue.

2. Off. Hee hath deserued worthily of his Countrey,  
and his assent is not by such easie degrees as those, who  
haue bene supple and courteous to the People, Bonnetted,  
without any further deed, to haue them at all into  
their estimation, and report: but hee hath so planted his  
Honors in their Eyes, and his actions in their Hearts, that  
for their Tongues to be silent, and not confesse so much,  
were a kinde of ingratefull Iniurie: to report otherwise,  
were a Mallice, that giuing it selfe the Lye, would plucke  
reprooffe and rebuke from euery Eare that heard it.

1. Off. No more of him, hee's a worthy man: make  
way, they are comming.

A Sennet. Enter the Patricians, and the Tribunes of  
the People, *Lictors* before them: *Coriolanus*, *Mene-*  
*nus*, *Cominius* the Consul: *Scioin* and *Brutus*  
take their places by themselves: *Corio-*  
*lanus* stands.

*Mene.* Haueing determin'd of the Volces,  
And to send for *Titus Lartius*: it remains,  
As the maine Point of this our after-meeting,

To

To gratifie his Noble seruice; that hath  
Thus stood for his Countrey. Therefore please you,  
Most reuerend and graue Elders, to desire  
The present Confull, and last General,  
In our well-found Successes, to report  
A little of that worthy Worke, perform'd  
By *Martius Caius Coriolanus*: whom  
We met here, both to thanke, and to remember,  
With Honors like himselfe.

1. Sen. Speake, good *Cominius*:  
Leaue nothing out for length, and make vs thinke  
Rather our states defectiue for requitall,  
Then we to stretch it out. Masters a'th' People,  
We doe request your kindest cares: and after  
Your louing motion toward the common Body,  
To yeeld what passes here.

*Scioin.* We are conuented vpon a pleasing Treatie, and  
haue hearts inclinable to honor and aduance the Theame  
of our Assembly.

*Brutus.* Which the rather wee shall be blest to doe, if  
he remember a kinder value of the People, then he hath  
hereto priz'd them at.

*Mene.* That's off, that's off: I would you rather had  
been silent: Please you to heare *Cominius* speake?

*Brutus.* Most willingly: but yet my Caution was  
more pertinent then the rebuke you giue it.

*Mene.* He loues your People, but tye him not to be  
their Bed-fellow: Worthie *Cominius* speake.

*Coriolanus* rises, and offers to goe away.

Nay, keepe your place.

*Senat.* Sit *Coriolanus*: neuer shame to heare  
What you haue Nobly done.

*Coriol.* Your Honors pardon:

I had rather haue my Wounds to heale againe,

Then heare say how I got them.

*Brutus.* Sir, I hope my words dis-bench'd you not?

*Coriol.* No Sir: yet oft,

When blowes haue made me stay, I fled from words.

You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not: but your People,

I loue them as they weigh--

*Mene.* Pray now sit downe.

*Corio.* I had rather haue one scratch my Head i'th' Sun,  
When the Alarm were strucke, then idly sit

To heare my Nothings monster'd. Exit *Coriolanus*

*Mene.* Masters of the People,

Your multiplying Spawne, how can he flatter?

That's thousand to one good one, when you now see

He had rather venture all his Limbes for Honor,

Then on ones Eares to heare it. Proceed *Cominius*.

*Com.* I shall lacke voyce: the deeds of *Coriolanus*

Should not be vtter'd feebly: it is held,

That Valour is the chiefest Vertue,

And most dignifies the haue: if it be,

The man I speake of, cannot in the World

Be singly counter-poyd. At sixteene yeeres,

When *Tarquinius* made a Head for Rome, he fought

Beyond the marke of others: our then Dictator,

Whom with all prayse I point at, saw him fight,

When with his Amazonian Shinne he droue

The brizled Lippes before him: he bestrid

An o're-prest Roman, and i'th' Confull view

Slew three Opposers: *Tarquinius* selfe he met,

And struke him on his Knee: in that dayes feates,

When he might act the Woman in the Scene,

He prou'd best man i'th' field; and for his meed

Was brow-bound with the Oake. His Pupill age

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Man-entred thus, he waxed like a Sea,  
And in the brunt of seuentene Battails since,  
He lurcht all Swords of the Garland: for this last,  
Before, and in *Corioles*, let me say  
I cannot speake him home: he stopt the flyers,  
And by his rare example made the Coward  
Turne terror into sport: as Weeds before  
A Vessell vnder sayle, to men obey'd,  
And fell below his Stem: his Sword, Deaths stampe,  
Where it did marke, it tooke from face to foot:  
He was a thing of Blood, whose euery motion  
Was tim'd with dying Cryes: alone he entred  
The mortall Gate of th' Citie, which he painted  
With shunlesse destinie: aydelesse came off,  
And with a sudden re-inforcement strucke  
*Corioles* like a Planer: now all's his,  
When by and by the dinne of Warre gan pierce  
His readie sence: then straight his doubled spirit  
Requickned what in flesh was fatigate,  
And to the Battaille came he, where he did  
Runne reeking o're the liues of men, as if 'twere  
A perpetuall spoyle: and till we call'd  
Both Field and Citie ours, he neuer stood  
To ease his Brest with panting.

*Mene.* Worthy man.

*Senat.* He cannot but with measure fit the Honors  
which we deuise him.

*Com.* Our spoyle he kickt at,

And look'd vpon things precious, as they were

The common Muck of the World: he couets lesse

Then Miserie it selfe would giue, rewards his deeds

With doing them, and is content

To spend the time, to end it.

*Mene.* Hee's right Noble, let him be call'd for.

*Senat.* Call *Coriolanus*.

Off. He doth appeare.

Enter *Coriolanus*.

*Mene.* The Senate, *Coriolanus*, are well pleas'd to make  
thee Confull.

*Corio.* I doe owe them still my Life, and Seruices.

*Mene.* It then remaines, that you doe speake to the  
People.

*Corio.* I doe beseech you,

Let me o're-leape that custome: for I cannot

Put on the Gowne, stand naked, and entreat them

For my Wounds sake, to giue their sufferage:

Please you that I may passe this doing.

*Scioin.* Sir, the People must haue their Voyces;

Neyther will they bate one iot of Ceremonie.

*Mene.* Put them not too't:

Pray you goe fit you to the Custome,

And take to you, as your Predecessors haue,

Your Honor with your forme:

*Corio.* It is a part that I shall blush in acting,

And might well be taken from the People.

*Brutus.* Marke you that:

*Corio.* To brag vnto them, thus I did, and thus

Shew them th'vntaking Skarres, which I should hide;

As if I had receiv'd them for the hyre

Of their breath onely.

*Mene.* Doe not stand vpon't:

We recommend to you Tribunes of the People

Our purpose to them, and to our Noble Confull

Wish we all Ioy, and Honor.

*Senat.* To